J.B. Lee Adiss

Table of Contents

I. Mainee

II. Sec-stem

III. A Room With a View on Sliders

IV. The Cantine Collusion

V. The Reallocation

VI. The Lot

VII. The Mad’ening

VIII. Old Obstacle

IX. Min(d)ing ’em

X. Escape From The CPI

XI. Slit u rite

XII. Towny

XIII. Anima

XIV. The Keg Act

Mainee

Green light was given…
Ger eased out the stint, freedom is what it’s called, no more nighmares, good guts and no overwhelming feelings or thoughts for that matter. No more mumbles, no longer a case.
He ventured out blissful, no *canonneses*, he felt like a newborn soul.

From now on he would focus on building his hide. His visions would have it be in the periferal of the city. What he needed was a spot to build.
First of all some rest. He took out to find a pond, a long swept street away from the CPI.
’Or should he venture further away from CPI, if someone were to recognize him.
Mind glitch... Who would recognize him but for the other inmates and staff?
He didn’t have any history out here so he went out to find the port. Some shit over **PI**
He stumples, finds a place with a knocked down door. An Alley way. An énclave.
Oddly the first thing he sees, is a place where piles of materials is stacked up like someone had readied the place for an annex. A steep wall to either side with a hinged bricklay eminent for his esteemed hide
Having no experience, tolled it. Therefore... No hasty moves was made, he would first organize the building materials to know what he had at hand.
’nex to be somewhat quadrant in height and width.
At first glance the piles held no roofing materials, something he now knew he had to scavenge.
A tarp would do it. Energetic he had found a spot, he ventured out to see and look what he might find.
Outside a evening red street, an angsty wind, indifferent folks strolling back and forth.
Mind glitch... Be it a tarp, but where to find one?
The outskirts of any city has an industrial area, if he could get there by sundown he would find a throwe.
He imagined a cargotruck where he could pull off the back skirt.

Mind glitch... Off to the outskirts! Not quite knowing where to go, he had to find a map over the golden city, city maps where typically placed near parks so he went for the greenery, the pond…

As he took the first few steps onto the paved streets he noticed that the sun hung almost in alignment with the roofs of the city, he couldn't afford to be hestitant, his geo-knowledge of the city were slight if any. So he continued his path in the opposite direction of the CPI. He walked amongst occupied pedestrians, his eavesdropping gave him no direction, now scouting out greenery weren't the hardest thing but there where still no park in sight. Pondering on a constant as to what treasures there would be awaiting him.
Mind glitch... Now, a map wouldn't be needed, he may just have to find the outskirts of the city, manually, already far from the city central. Suddenly, there bathing in redlight, the industrial grounds.
It would get dark in an hour so he would find an empty wheeler to sleep in.

The morning after he was awakened by the sound of a truck, he fetched his cap and tucked for his belongings then jumped out of the wheeler, with the hope the truckdriver wouldn't notice him.
He hid himself behind another wheeler with the tarp on.
He checked for activity around him, no one there, so he tried to pull off the tarp. No easy task.
The mounting points where all key'ed up in metal rings.
He then scouted the back of the wheeler and found a key for loosening the tarp.

Now, back down from the wheeler he stood with a wide tarp, the size one man couldn't carry, so then scavenging for a cart of some sort to bring home the tarp. What he found was not nearly a shopping cart but a dumbster on wheels.
Squeaking and turning the whole stroll back to the spot. When going through the material he found a contorted brick. He held it up to further scan the relic. A symbol of normative-refusal, a perfect bending of a fixed form. Mind glitch. A perfectly contorted brick.
Possibly the Apex of his new found hide.

Sec-stem

They had found an abandoned flat near the docks to keep themselves hidden from the paranoia going on outside. They both sad in a chair each, in one room, when suddenly they heard a noise from the street below. In a split sec, the blink of an eye, a glitch they both felt. A shared intuition they were prompted. No peace for the averters.

On the opposite side of the street, he sat there waiting in his van when he got the intel on his tapscreen that the two of them noticed his prompting. He fired up the car and went straight to the presinct to report the information.

Now they had to pack up and get out of there before they'd be recaptured. They hadn't been out for long 'fore they found a secure hideout and lucky enough, no one was home. The Annex they found themselves in, were disguised by two buildings on each side and a large wooden fence, the fence, a perfect shieldage for their making it. Now… it seemed they had the time to rest there for the night. A short one.

The next morning they found that an outpost where overlooking the fence of their new resting spot. On the cornerboard of the neighbouring house were the sign they needed, right there on the board of the roof 'Ennea... They had reached the outskirts of the besieged city, the outposts would therefore be manned at night time, long after they would be out of there, profusing.

They simply had no chance from being prompted if they stayed at one place, for too long.

Didn't even know eachothers names.

The protocol protested that they did not ask. As second hand averters, no.

Now… their task getting out of the area where the first thing at hand, they'd had a good time in the 'nex, but agreed to venture out. The morning sun where just above the horizon when a signal went off, the signal as they read it, where a call back from all outposts to the nearest presinct.

Ger as he saw a closing door to the nearby outpost nerved they should stay but she wouldn't risk it, so they agreed to find a bar of some sort to ease off, and release on the stress.

Back on the street outside the fence, nothing to guide them but the location of the outpost.

They had to walk in the opposite direction and would soon find a bar, they'd have a sit down with a bottle each and discuss their further journey.

After a long drinking session they agreed to stay at the 'nex for the night. The only place they knew of, that they would find food and shelter. Beth slept on the first floor while Ger tugged himself in the kitchen room.

Early morning. Ger is sitting in the corner of his livingroom, Had the clock almost started ticking the instant it knocks on the door. A team of paramedics greets him. Soon the two of them would have him up onto a stretcher. Ger falls asleep in the back of the ambulance. Wakes up as the hatched doors opens, his eyes slowly gaining sight, a wide silhoutte of a man welcomes him to his new home...
All too exhausted Ger rests his neck while he gets wheeled out of the ambulance and is greeted by a dark sky with a heavy lit building nearby. The paramedic punches a code on the door terminal, a familiar signal goes off and both doors opens "Welcome to the Comp. Prog. Inst." Ger is bodyscanned while half asleep from the overwhelming light of the forrier. Toni and June the two paramedics pays him Farewell.
Ger wakes up dressed in white linnen on a bed in a quadrant room with two meds trying to fill out a form regarding his social abilities, he tries to roll over but the questionaire is unignorable.

A Room with a view on Sliders

Formally Ger would heed his family, his next of kin but something had swept its way in. He was internally bleeding out thoughts, like word babble. This was all due to his smoking illicit weed, something that his parents had warned him against. Or was it? It was like having a radio stuck to his temples, like a bullet inside his brain. Here where different age-groups are bridged, he felt deep in a ditch from which he couldn't free himself. There were so many different folks of all ages, all with somewhat the same issues as Ger.
The first stranger he came across, Norm were the most silent and passive type he had met so far. Norm lut Ger inside his room where plasticboxes were stacked from each sandwich meal he had had, in the window, blocking the view. He smelled awful from smoking inside. This wing had sliding doors to keep the different sections of the wing seperated, therefore some rooms had the privilege of smoking indoors, for some inmates a matter of taking the privilige. He reminded Ger of some sort of retired act. Ger just stood there. Norm felt it at once. He had fallen out completely. Norm tried to assure him that he wasn't completely blunt, but in a strange manor, embarrased Ger still felt that Norm understood him on another level.
Norm would for some reason, never ask Ger what flipped him, or what had him flipped… No, Norm had justice in his retired act, Norm was an original averter.

The Cantine Collusion

On weekends, close mindedly, the coffee gets rationed. The eastwing a mess, one inmate ecspecially enraged where standing on a table with a pointy white plastic knife wielding it from side to side, inmates had wrecked the place, tables and stools tossed around. Ger crept along wallpanels to avoid attention from the staff. He couldn't for the life of him stop his angst. Norm his fellow inmate where just as unnervy as him they were both determined to make it stop, they both saw the inmate with the platicknife as the catalyst. They decided to steal coffee from the kitchen, to avert further disarray. Norm pushed it to Ger, that he had drawed the shortest straw. Ger just mediated the table scene, a scary knife was handed him in only a few exchanged words with his guy K/C. With his weakened knees, he sneeked in to the kitchen using a trick of the knife, inside the kitchen he then had to go back and forth between the door and check the different cabinets 'where do they keep it, he asked himself.
'Topdrawer, right at front, right at first... Now back to the door and back to selfstorage.
'Depleeted in a few days anyway.
His fellow inmate Norm were now his best trustie. Norm even had a scale, exactly the thing needed to ration their new found goods. The scale a lightweight something, he'd never had any use for. Deeds when in need, there it was, all the boxes from norms leftover sandwiches, they could fill those and hand them out when they met other inmates. Miserably Brilliant.

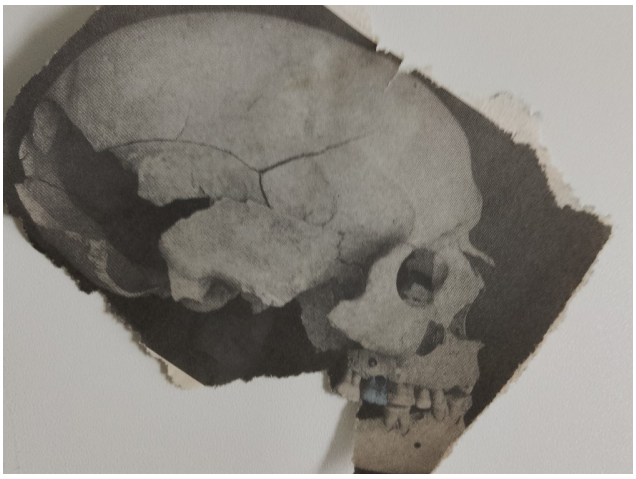
The Reallocation

Ger was to be reallocated from one unit to another farther out of the golden city, he was unnervy that the two cops would honestly get him from a to b, so he would try them by reaching out for the red button in the cockpit, a stupid thing to do… soon the lot of them were out of the car and on top of him, Ger resend back to CPI. There he was back on the stretcher. Back in custody, tied down to the bed. Four walls, nurse in the light of the doorway. Waking up to sounds of fundling keys. The same morning he woke up facing one of their guards, detesting him. The guard held the keys to the straightjacket he was in and played around with them in front of him. Ger were quite passive but still it got to him. Sooner or later he would be back home Cutsall, Greensborough.

The Lot

Early afternoon, headnurse Tyra is sitting at her desk in the office, surrounded by a large bohemian art collection. The Phone rings...
"This is the CPI headnurse Tyra, with whom am I speaking to?"
"Ian from Fractural Mind Tech, we have an inquirery for you to find a patient in your custody able to do us all, and I must stress, all of us a giant favor. We've found a cerrebellum like occurence, a rarity. Lithurite.
Now... we want to get it installed to a potential patient, get it in there as a headcheck into what it actually is."
"We have had some over the years... but I will diffenetely look in to it, from the top of my head, wait..."
"I can tell you we have one, special patient that complains about his subconscience..."
"Let me get your information?"
"Sublime! I'll send you an email asap. In it you'll find a list of additional equipment you'll need for executing and surely our information, thank you"
Baffled Tyra puts the phone back in the socket.

The Mad’ening



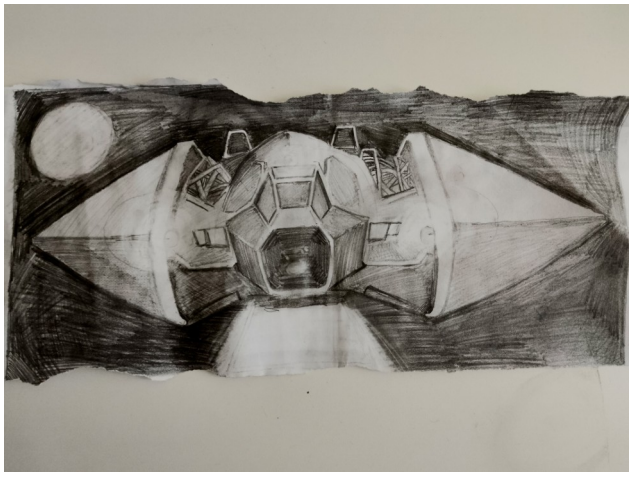
Meanwhile in the laboratory at Fractural Mind Tech. In order for the swap of the dead tissue to become even remotely respondant to the recipients brain it was put in an automated, artificial milleu. A fluid of different chloride and gyclosic properties. After that incapsulated and put on dry-ice. These initial steps was done to produce the most preferable outcome. The incapsulated rock looked anew after the treatment on this small assembly line. No one was to touch it for a long while...

Old Obstacle

Ger was alone trying to gather his sences after being met with new faces all the time, he was like born again withered in this new scenario. On the outside he must have seemed helpless. An old woman Edith from a near facing room, came inside the social area and asked Ger to help her with her picture, she had tried to get up. All he could say was ”of cau’h” allthough what he needed was time alone.
Inside her room Ger was asked to take his shoes off, acknowledged it a thing he had to learn a’new.
The picture hung but was tilted to one side, the image of a docked wessel in shallow water surrounded by willows. ”Old wombs meadow” she told him. A very melancholic piece of art in contrast to a cozy furnaced condo.

Min(d)ing ’Em

Foreign miners from outside the sub solar sphere had profused to land in a small town, called Oerslef/Cutsall. Headed there fore to hunt heads in the bale. They were scouting for dead matter, with the use of mirrored dilated laser optics, saw the half of town disected in chunks, old monks in the mud, in the shadows of their Graphics.
Old intelligects will invent were the verdict.
Invention from eve in the face of death.
They were mud-digging up heads in what seemed like a wink of a hand.
They left the spot in a mist. The town tainted.
The inhabitants puzzled.
In no time had they, what they needed. Left nothing behind. If it wasn’t for the smaller brain parts attached to the brain st’em.
Almost juggling them up in their craft the ”ÇΠ>”
They had graphics a program to follow, all of their targets were to harrow up and hollow.



q’Pissing out the CPI

Ger had simply had enough of the trivialities so he ran up the corridor and flung himself right through the glass doors and landed on his feet. Stunned he had the luck, he ran straight past the police car that had just arrived at the entrance, further on outdoors he hid himself in the cleaners carts and got out at right arms while the sirens serenaded over the serenity of the golden city.
He bumbed a faggy from two passersby and swelled at the beach, he got the stupid idea that if he’d walk down the beach leading back to the city, he’d get caught. Even anticipating a recapture, got him, not much longer down his route met by a schaeffer. A young hound, His or Her eyes on stalks. Ger got down on his knees. The hound all quiet as he was put back in handcoffs.

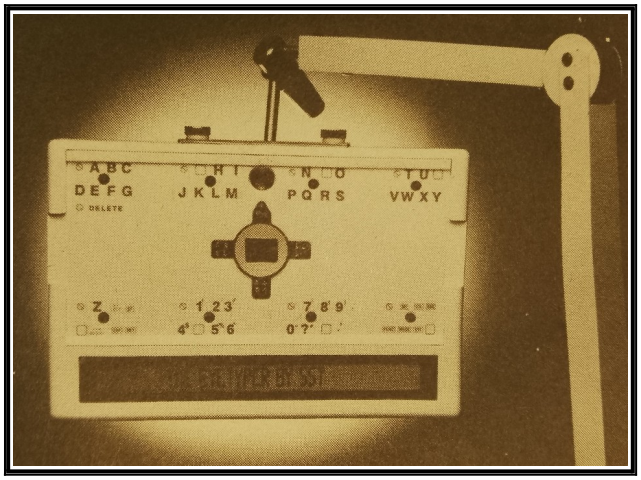
Slit u rite

The doctors at CPI had Gers neck open in the operation suite, their task were to swap the lifeless lithurite with the smaller part of his brain. Trial and error, the head protocol was prompted in each surgents opt.

The eyetyper/the opt, read:
Complains he lives in his past not able to forget.
Brainscans shows he’s fired up, an overload of mixed emotions.

The head nurse Tyra had her mind made up so for Gers case they would bid him the worse one, the complete deletion of his subconsciense. A patient recipient of the installment of the moist and muddy cerebellum like occurrence with which the jung-freudian theoretics could be read, in the form of one recepient.
Ultimately a swap of his cerebellum to give promise to the premise.

The main protocol on the eyetyper/the opt read:
Initiate artificial coma, discard syrringe carefully after use. set timer...
Avoiding brainstem, cut thru. the headplate, reveal left hemisphere w. disector, drillspinners on the headplate.
The installment of the wetware to the cornerstone. A gently replacement of the cerrebellum with the Lither.
All surgeons had high hopes that it would integrate with the overall function of the case’ brain.
The cerrebellum would be but on dry-ice for to be analyzed further. later on...



Towny

Waking up to illusive days. On the inside of the stint, All a dale in tears, the other inmates felt it too. He willowed around. Certain days could almost repeat themselves in the small'est of details, like one prolonged deja-vu. Granted he couldn't dream the same he had now the chance of his life, to rebuild if they would just give him a word. The clean sheet, but really he couldn't grasp what would be out there, standing in his dormatory gazing out the window. Like a paradox, pardoning him every time.

Anima

One new years eve, Ger found himself wandering around outside the stint, the fireworks went on and on and had his soul startled, by the time he had found a resting spot, he broke down with his feet in the mud, suspended in a light emerging from the forest, a poetic sight. This light some sort of entity that would have him on his knees, face in the dirt.

He crumbled.

Come here let's wander the night.
The rhinestone lights you white.
Breaths exhaled ouzes in the wind.
Out in the night, onto the wind

By the time he got back to his senses, the light, the entity, was gone. What he found was that he had walked around the premise in his sleep, when he got back inside he then crumbled in a chair to be found sitting there late that same evening, with a haunted look in his eyes. What was it, that had him on his knees he couldn't say. He spend the night at the stint on the second floor, lying there he could almost revisit the moment. If it wasn't for the noise from down below, at that particular stay he laid still for hours trying to recollect. Could it be? Bethani?

The Keg act

Playing a game of pigs and pegs, this hittin switches of a battleship nerves Ger out on a trip to gather flowers in the forestation. He gets nonned everytime, always drunk on small adventures, outside the walls, he did think 'what the hick-up. Only this time some hech where the ledge, wild roses that shouldn't be there, on the foot of the ledge where an old concrete bench, his mission were now to reinstall seats to the bench, but here at the foot were something else, an uprooted tree with the familiar v-winged shape underneat it. Wetland.

Antagonist
Ger

Insiders/staff
Tyra – Head nurse
Toni – The Paramedic
June – The female paramedic

Inmates/cases
Norm
Carl
Edith
Beth - Anima

a) An individuals' project
As a token for future generations
b) Local influctuation
As part of a simple community
c) Philosophical approach
As a blackbox at post-crashes